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the inquiry, I recognize a valid position for any attempt to analyze and answer it.

By Art we understand the appearing or disclosive light of life, as distinguished from Science, which is the informing light, and Inspiration which is the guiding light: and thus, in other words, Art is a subjective faith, transfigured and glorified into an objective reality.

Next in the analysis we will glance at what constitutes the Christian Idea. I may define this as the immediate presence or love of the Father in every human heart, manifested first and once for all in Jesus Christ, and thenceforward, amid the varied activities of a world for which was given that manifestation, speaking in the acts of heroism and self-sacrifice of those whose being it pervades that the world hath joy in her sorrow, and life in her death.

A work of Art, that is truly such, is an image-expression or focal reflection of an idea. The end sought for is the utterance of a concurrent life—a feeling discrete from thought that, interchanging, gives to thought a rest on feeling—to fill the void, and illumine the darkness of its world. Beauty is the jewelled radiance of that life; and of its objects, the highest attainment and above aught that by thought can be conceived, are our living, human children or whatever, in our human relations, by revealing a loveliness, imparts to life a holy and happy aspect, affording a retreat and a strengthening amid its conflicts.

We are now prepared for an answer to our question:—Christian Art is the witness of Christ—the Son of God in his capacity as Saviour and Redeemer—reflecting in human lives the scenic or dramatic presentation of Christian Truth.

S. F. DERBY.

Studies among the Leaves.

THE COURTHIP OF MILES STANDISH.*

WHEN we become acquainted with a work of art that interests us, and which has professedly a historical basis, we naturally feel a desire to know the facts that instigated the artist's imagination, both to see what they were, and how far he has deemed it necessary to retain, change, or discard them, to the proper fulfillment of his poetic intentions. Therefore, it is with no captious spirit of a seeker after anachronisms or the like ungracious criticism of a pedant, that we proceed to give, by way of parallel to the poem in question, what the historical authorities say were the actual occurrences connected with the main incident of the plot.

The Mayflower sailed on her return voyage on the 5th of April, 1621, and the poem opens on the day previous. The poet has touched precisely the aspect of that season, as the denizens of that locality are doomed to experience it now:

"The landscape,
Washed with a cold grey mist, the vapory breath of the east wind,
Forest, and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine."

Then John Allen, with gratulations seldom bestowed on that unwelcome wind, hails it, as he rushes from the maiden's presence, after that naive question of the heroine, and begs it—

"Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me."

* The Courthip of Miles Standish and other poems. By LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1868.

Just before, as he had threaded the woods upon his errand, he had gathered

"The mayflowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber."

This last beautiful figure is aptly attached to the *epigæa* which appears in this district generally early in April, disclosing its roseate blossoms between patches of snow even at times, but more often forcing for itself an opening among the last year's leaves. Its coincidental name of Mayflower, attached as that was to the bark of the pilgrims, gives it an interest super-added to what naturally adheres to it as *primula veris*. There is a touching contrast to the drear aspect of that sad spring in the wandering thoughts of that damsel, as the poet makes her,

"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of England,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields and the song of the lark and the linnet;"

for we must remember that the old England they left has a climate that brings the seasons earlier by near a month.

The main incident of the poem rests on no better authority than tradition—tradition, however, which luckily has never had a denial—and this varies the story somewhat. It goes—that soon after the death of the captain's wife, he sent John Alden to ask of Mr. William Mullins permission to visit his daughter with intentions of marriage, such being the custom of the day, and enforced, too, later by law. The father assented, but said the maiden must first be consulted, and she accordingly was, and it was then she turned upon the youthful ambassador with that quick reply—"Prithee, John! why don't you speak for yourself?" Now, Rose Standish died January 29, 1621, and was by no means, as the poet says, "The first of all to die who came in the Mayflower." Gov. Bradford's wife and several others had already died, though the burial-place showed no mounds for the reasons the poem names. Mr. Mullins was himself soon after called to be added to the great mortality of that dreadful winter, for on the 21st of February he died. So, if the tradition be correct, the incident is necessarily placed between these dates, or in February, 1621, two months before the time of the poem. Now, there may be reasons for supposing that tradition in this respect errs, and that the *parent* should read the *guardian*. The short interval between the death of Rose Standish and this alleged attempt of the doughty hero to supply her place, would at the present day be set to the account of indecent haste, but when the condition of the colony at that time is considered, and it is remembered that Standish was the head of an allotted household, it would not have been greatly amiss to meet promptly the exigencies of the occasion in that

"Land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but gospel."

In the division of the pilgrims into nineteen families, which was one of the first things they did in organizing their community, John Alden was put into that of their captain, becoming thereby his intimate. He was the youngest of the chief men of the band, being only twenty-one, while Standish was his elder by fifteen years. The poet's description of the youth's appearance—

"Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof,"

accords with the accounts of tradition, which is further borne out by the like characteristics in his descendants. It serves the poet's purpose to speak of him as "bred as a scholar," and

"Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."

Alden certainly became a man of mark among them latterly, and was for many years an assistant in the government, but Bradford's account of him, at this time, reads—

"John Alden was hired for a *cooper*, at South-Hampton [the poet speaks of his frequenting the book-stalls of that place], where the ship victuled; and being a hopfull young man, was much desired, but left to his owne liking to go or stay when he came here."

The poet has in the main been true to the historical character of Standish, whatever we may think of his being afraid of "a thundering *No*, point-blank from the mouth of a woman;" but then the actual tradition alleges his addresses were the preliminary ones to the parent or guardian, which he might well do by deputy, and which certainly the maiden could not complain of, with

"Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning."

Standish probably claimed the pedigree the poet allows him, and had fought in Flanders, for the record of his commission still exists; and had fought well no doubt, quite well enough to warrant the poet's allowing him all hair-breadth escapes. John Alden's representation of him to the maiden was true enough—

"He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winters

He had attended the sick with a hand as gentle as woman's.

[Bradford testifies to that.]

Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong, Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty and placable always, Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature."

The maiden's own account of him—

"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment,"

is in almost the very words of Hubbard, the old historian of New England. The two books of the captain's library appear (as the poet has them) on the inventory of his estate at death. "Ceser's Comentary," and "Bariffe's Artillery."

We have no account that there had been previously any love between Alden and Priscilla, though the poet naturally enough conceives it, and adds thereby very much to the interest of the situation. The fiction of Priscilla's living a short distance from the village, which was only reached by a path through the woods, is the poet's own; for common security prompted them to reside together, and build their houses contiguous. The story, then, of Alden's plodding through the snow to see Priscilla, where she lived, is purely imaginative. Winslow, writing a year after their arrival, says they have seven houses besides four common buildings. It is not probable they had seven at the time the poet names as many. It was not till a year after this, too, that they built their meeting-house, with the howitzer planted on the roof (there were six cannon), the orthodox argument that the captain was so anxious to use against the heathens.

Again, the conclave that Standish was summoned to on the night of the embassy of Alden, took place about the 1st of December, 1621, a couple of months or so after the poet places the

wedding; and the challenge of a bunch of arrows tied with a serpent's skin came from the Narragansetts, and not from the tribe of Peksnot. The expedition to the last named tribe took place in March 1622-3, two years after the sailing of the *Mayflower*, and not, as the poet has it, on the same day; and the distance through the woods would hardly be a day's march, and not three; but actually, they did not march at all, but sailed in a shallop. The combat took place in a lodge, when Standish, closing the door, fell with his men upon about an equal number of the Indians, and killed all but one (whom they hanged afterwards), using knives. The poem represents the affray out of doors, with the use, in part, of muskets. The speech of Hobomok after the fight is historical, as well as the taunts of Peksnot and Wittawamatt, and their knives figured on the handles with men's and women's heads. The head of one Indian, too, was actually brought and made to deck a post of their fort at Plymouth. The letter that their Leyden pastor, Robinson, wrote when he heard of this, wishing that they had converted some before they had killed any, corresponds with the sentiments expressed (according to the poet) by elder Brewster in the conclave.

The poet has of course exercised a lawful license in bringing all these incidents, separated by time, together, for an expression of characteristic life. He has also filled up of himself the picture of the morning of the *Mayflower's* sailing.

The wedding is represented as taking place in the autumn after the arrival of the second ship from England. This was the *Fortune*, but she did not arrive till November 11th, and after that, probably, there was very little of "mowing the grass in the meadows." The actual date of Alden's marriage is not known. We only know his oldest child was born in 1622, and he *may* either have been married in the spring of that year, or even in the autumn of the previous one, as our poet has it. If we were to trust the tradition, which agrees to his conducting her home from the bridal on a steer, covered with broadcloth, we must place it in 1623 or later, for it was only till that year that the pilgrims had any cattle; and besides, it also says he conducted her to Barnstable; now, this town was not settled till 1639, some eighteen years after, and when Alden did remove out of Plymouth, it was to Duxbury. This part of the tradition has evidently been added from some other source, and refers to some later bridal among them. That Alden built him a house to take his bride to rests upon no authority, though the description is accurate enough for the habitations of the day:

"Solid, substantial, of timbers rough-hewn from the fir of the forest, Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes; Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper, Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded. There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard: Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard."

This last is borrowed from Alden's subsequent habitation at Duxbury, where he did not settle till 1631, and where his farm is still in the possession of a descendant of the same name. The "traces" mentioned are now, we believe, among the things of the past also.

The poet is right about the marriage, being made by the Puritans a civil contract, and performed by the magistrate; but the appearance of Standish at that juncture is a situation of the poet's own devising: who has, moreover, pleasingly varied from the tradition by the subsequent reconciliation between Standish and Alden, for the report goes the fiery captain never forgave him. Our examination of the poem has been only an

antiquarian's, and must be taken as such, and as resulting from but a single point of view.

The main situation of the plot is not without a well-known parallel. It is told of Corneille, that he was introduced to the damsel, "with large blue eyes," Mademoiselle Millet, by a friend, to urge his suit; but was soon so far false to the demands of friendship, as to discover there was encouragement for himself, and began to urge his own suit instead. He got his reward, however, when afterwards the damsel concluded she would rather have the name of Dupont; and the chagrined lover went home one day and sat down to write verses, becoming thereupon a poet; and the play of *Mélite* was the result.

Governor Bellingham, one of the earliest Massachusetts magistrates, is said to have been the hero of a similar adventure.

W.

WOMAN.

The *National Review* contains an article on woman. The reviewer takes for his text several works on woman, treating of her "social position," "influence on the progress of knowledge," "education of girls," her "wishes," and her "right to exercise the elective franchise," all favorite ideas of as many authors. Mr. Buckle seems to have touched the spring of his thought. The writer partially discusses the assertions of this superficial philosopher, also those of his radical compeers. In making extracts, we do not aim at sequence of thought, but confine ourselves to passages more or less complete in themselves, that are suggestive of reflection upon popular theories, or of value in connection with fundamental principles. The writer says truly:

The defects of our present social condition with respect to the education and position of women, are real and important; the suggestion of remedies most difficult. The question is so complex, casts its fine and intertangled roots so deep into the groundwork of all our political, social, and domestic status; the elements it deals with are so fundamental, and the region is one in which it is so impossible to prophesy the results or limit the consequences of the changes, that to approach it at all is disheartening to any mind capable of perceiving the mere outline of its bearings; and thoroughly to investigate it would require a comprehensiveness of grasp, a delicacy and a patience in the intellect attempting it, which is rarely granted to the children of men.

Conservative thinkers are unwilling to enter upon the subject; it is therefore left to "shallow and doctrinaire minds of either sex," whose "wild projects and untenable theories are vented and met . . . by indiscriminating sarcasm and ridicule." He says:

It seems strange that women themselves should urge the contest for extended freedom, . . . from the basis of a false idea of woman's equality with and similarity to man, instead of the inextinguishable position of her real nature, and the claims which it gives her, and the duties it demands of her. . . . The rights-of-woman question is in much the same position now that the rights-of-man question was in the days of Tom Paine. Society reconstructed on the basis of the rights of woman, as urged in their full extent, would be in a yet worse position than if we framed new schemes of government on the theory of the natural equality of men.

Leaving to one side all engaging speculations "based upon the hypothesis of what woman would be if her course of train-

ing and mode of life were entirely altered," he wishes to consider "women as they are, not women as they are not.

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed—their present state."

Our readers will find one of the positive features of the article in the following physiological *aperçu* of the feminine intellect.

The most obvious characteristics of the feminine intellect are delicacy of perceptive power and rapidity of movement. A woman sees a thousand things which escape a man. Physically even she is quicker sighted. A girl is a better bird-nester than a boy; a woman marks a thing which passes over a man's eyes too rapidly for them to perceive it. Mentally she takes in many more impressions in the same time than a man does. A woman will have mastered the minutest details in another woman's dress, and noted all the evidences of character in her face, before a man, who has been equally occupied in examining her, knows the details of her features.

This is followed by a comment upon the question of the superior inductive or deductive faculties of a woman's mind. The writer thinks that

The question of the extent of woman's inductive exercise of mind depends upon the vexed question how far the ideas they strike out with so much fecundity are the result of unconscious induction or simple insight; but either they have a marvellous lightning-like faculty of induction, or a perhaps still more inexplicable one of direct mental insight. Whatever range, however, we may ascribe to this latter faculty, it still remains certain that women are incessant and rapid generalizers, and also often hasty and rash ones. The nature of their imagination tends in the same direction. It is not perhaps so comprehensive as that of man; it has not the same power of at once presenting a subject vividly, and holding it steadily and continuously before the mind; it is not perhaps so searching, but it is much quicker in its movements, and in much more constant operation; it is far more of an every-day working faculty, and far more universally used by women than by men as an instrument in the operation of thought. Hitherto, however, the former have rarely, if ever, struck out by its aid any of those brilliant theories by which men of genius seize a truth yet hidden from and undreamt of by common minds, and cut with one fine bold stroke many a Gordian knot of knowledge. They use it to inquire what they are to do to-day and to-morrow—to read the hearts and to calculate the actions of those around them.

In respect to knowledge, he subsequently says:

Women have exercised a most beneficial influence in softening the hard and untruthful outline which knowledge is apt to assume in the hands of direct scientific observers and experimenters; they have prevented the casting aside of a mass of most valuable truth, which is too fine to be caught in the material sieve, and eludes the closest questioning of the microscope and the test-glass; which is allied with our passions, our feelings, and especially holds the fine boundary-line where mind and matter, sense and spirit, wave their floating and indistinguishable boundaries, and exercise their complex action and reaction. Women, acting faithfully on their intuitions in such things, and justified by the event, teach men also to rely upon them in their lives, to give them place in their philosophy; and incommensurably widening, and refining is the influence they have thus had upon what the world calls its knowledge.

We pass what the writer says of the moral and spiritual nature of women—feebly illustrated by that ever ready substitute for thought, a poetical simile—merely quoting one passage on the difference between male and female conscience:

Conscience is the reason brought to bear on the sense of duty, rather

say it is the verdict of the reason (using the word in its large sense) enforced by the sense of duty. In men destitute of judgment and force of character we sometimes see strange vagaries of the instinct of duty; and in women, in whom the reason is less comprehensive and less distinctly supreme over the impulses, the conscience is not less binding, but it is certainly less consistent than in men. It yields to personal considerations, it falls under the sway of the affections. You may see one woman morbidly conscientious in the discharge of some remote duty; and not only neglecting, as a man often does, others more near and more important, but incapable of being convinced that they are duties. You may see another, in her ordinary intercourse with those around her, utterly disregard all the claims of sincerity; yet there shall be some one whom she loves, to whom she is as clear as day, and in intercourse with whom she would not only not conceal, but think it wicked to conceal or distort the least circumstance. Where women do feel a duty, however, they are generally more exact and scrupulous in the performance of it than men. Their sins are for the most part sins against higher impulses, the simple permission of a lower impulse to outweigh a higher one, where the collision is so simple that the judgment has no place. A man feels more deeply a sin against his deliberate convictions; he throws the sins of impulse aside more lightly, especially if the temptation has been strong and sudden; but they weigh heavier on a woman, and they degrade her the more because her character does depend more on the unbroken strength of her higher impulses.

Most writers on the woman question,—and one whose book is a text for the reviewer,—thus regard women with a view to their joining in the common business relations of the world:

Men and women of the higher classes lead a life of leisure, and sympathize on the common ground of their amusements; men and women of the lower classes meet on the ground of their common labor. The men of the middle classes stand apart from the women; they are wrapt up in industry; all their ideas and their whole life are bound up in it; and before the women can enter into their feelings and share their thoughts, they too must be absorbed in industrial occupation. For this purpose it is that woman is to be educated, that she is to study science, that she is to mingle in the struggle of life; that she may be able to talk shop to her husband; that she may share the narrow-mindedness from which, in reality, it is her sphere to elevate him. His idea is that this is an industrial age, and that until the women are industrial too, they will have no sufficient common interests with the men. He thinks if women thronged the markets and the exchanges, overlooked the mills, navigated the ships, they would have something to talk about to their brothers and husbands, and that men and women would cease to occupy different corners of the room at evening parties. He thinks that public spirit would increase; and that there would be fewer bankruptcies if ladies made up their husbands' ledgers. If young people would discuss the price of stocks and the prospects of the corn-trade, there would be less idle flirtation, and proposals for marriage would be based upon more solid grounds of preference than "a fascinating manner or a taking look," which he assumes to be their sole foundation as things are now arranged.

To all this the writer replies:

It is true that there is a tendency to excessive engrossment in "business;" and this not only among those with whom it is a real and necessary struggle for existence, but among others with whom it is only the gratification of ambition or the adherence to habit. And it is, we are told, because the women do not join in all this that there is a want of sympathy between them and the men, isolation, and so on. But, we may be allowed to ask, is this a state of things in itself desirable; or is it a danger to contend against which we should jealously preserve every influence we possess? Is it not rather to be wished that men should aim at a scope of thought beyond the details of their daily avocations; that they should be familiar with higher interests,

and think them worth some sacrifice of small ambitions; and that they should seek their relaxation from the unavoidable labor of earning a livelihood, not in talking over their pursuits, or in a state of mental stupefaction like that of an over-gorged boa-constrictor, but in a change of mental pursuits, which may give increased width and power to the mind, and may at once refresh and animate? If it be unwise for a lawyer to associate only with lawyers, priests with priests, and women with women; if college dons grow dull and narrow, and tradesmen ineffectually muddle their brains in their clubs—then it surely must be unwise to carry into our houses the atmosphere of our shops.

Then the old idea is still true, that it is just in her position, aloof in in some degree from the sweat and turmoil of life, from the harassing and exhausting struggles of daily bread-winning, that the woman finds her truest sphere. The deeper the man is drawn into the strife, the more important it is that the woman should stand outside it: then, when the day's work is over, she helps him to rise into a higher atmosphere; then it should be his endeavor to draw near to her. But to profit fully by the opportunities which intercourse with women affords for clearing our mental weather and elevating and refining our tone of thought, we must strive on our side to approach them, to gain something of their facility of apprehension, their power of holding the thought lightly in hand, of using the intellect readily and gracefully, and on subjects close at hand, and not necessarily either immediately useful or immensely important; we must get rid of the notion that they are always wrong when they move too fast for us, and that they were created to be defeated in argument, and to be reproached for not seeing they are defeated. We must cease to claim a superiority for having once known and since forgotten Greek and Latin, and learn how much food for discussion and intellectual intercourse is to be found in the literature of modern Europe. Women, perhaps, study accomplishments too much; men—Englishmen, at least—certainly study them too little. It is all very well for Thompson to think he is solid, and above that sort of thing; the wife of his bosom knows and assiduously conceals the real fact that he is stupid and unequal to it. Brown is a reserved Briton; that is, he is totally incapable of conversation. Most Englishmen are disgracefully ignorant of music. It is not because they have no time, that married women give up "playing;" it is because their husbands are quite unable to appreciate it, and take no real pleasure in it.

The fact is, that in the industrial classes of the middle rank education is equally defective among the men as among the women; and it is the want of cultivation and width of mind on both sides, which narrows their intercourse. It is urged, however, that the men have an education in their industrial lives, that their thoughts and ideas must be rooted in their practical occupations, and that it is only through these that they will or can ascend up to a wider range; and that the women should have the same experience, and walk step for step with them. The former part of the proposition may be true, and doubtless often is true, of self-raised circumstance-taught men; but it decidedly *ought* not to be true of men who have, or possibly can have, secured to them the advantage of external education. Such men ought to possess and tenaciously to keep their hold upon intellectual resources and interests apart from the groove of their daily occupations, and perhaps as widely as possible contrasted with these; and it is in the society of women (not necessarily, as it is too apt to be presumed, those of their own family) that they will most naturally seek and most effectually find support and assistance. Nor is it necessary even for the discussion of business itself, when occasion calls for it, that a sensible woman should ever have been familiar with its details; still less is this necessary to the exchange of thought on questions of social economy or politics, in which, though women will rarely broach wide views of their own, they will often suggest considerations which will very much widen the views of men. It is said that the habitual intervention of women in business would soften its asperities and raise its morality. We don't the least believe this. *A priori*, we

should say that the disposition of women to give too high a place to the personal interests, which with matters are interwoven, and to attach an exaggerated importance to the aspect of things immediately before them, would make them less scrupulous in pushing advantages, and less constantly open to the claims of justice and the interests of long-sighted prudence. And does not experience prove the same thing? Do not business-women, as a rule, exaggerate the defects of business-men? Are not fishwomen worse than fishermen—female lodging-house keepers worse than male ones? Widows are bad; but if you would not be stripped alive, avoid a female orphan. Is not what is called a clever woman of business the most difficult and most disagreeable person to deal with in the whole world? Is not the whole position of antagonistic relations and contest for advantage with the other sex the most perilous to delicacy and simple-mindedness into which a woman enters? The scolding of the house is bad, but that of the market is worse; the coquetry of the ball-room is more fashionable than desirable; but what shall we say of the coquetry of a bargain and sale? Fanny using her fine eyes to sell sea-island cotton to advantage, or Georgy offering you a very white hand to seal terms, which, but for the sake of pressing it, you would never dream of accepting! A well-principled upholder of the rights of women says of course "Fie!" such things are impossible. We grieve to say they are not; and what is proposed is not only that elderly creatures with peaked noses and coal-scuttle bonnets should join in the struggle, but that the world of industry should be equally open to, and frequented by, all women as it is by all men, with one single exception, made by the less thorough-going advocates of the change—the case of mothers with large families of small children and no nursemaids.

The reviewer closes thus:

They are the happiest, and will ever remain so, who can find a place for their activity in administering, or helping to administer, a household; and we do not hesitate to say, in spite of the most enlightened remonstrance, not only that this occupation is more healthy and natural to a woman, but that it is in reality a broader field, calls forth more faculties, and exercises and disciplines them more perfectly than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the industrial vocations out of doors. It is only in the higher branches of superintendence and conduct of business that anything like it can be obtained. Women are in a position to suffer much less than men by the excessive division of labor and the narrowing influence it tends to exert. The greater part of them have a sphere in their own homes, which calls for more varied faculties and higher powers than the unvaried task of the factory or the workshop. Every woman must govern more or less in her own house, or ought to do so; and to govern is not an easy thing, nor are servants and children the easiest things to govern. But the nature of women specially adapts them to govern; not, indeed, by a wise and far-sighted application of general ideas, but by choice of able ministers or immediate contact with the persons governed. Many women, even those whose minds are entirely uncultivated, show a power and a breadth of capacity in administering their household, and controlling into harmony difficult tempers and unruly wills, which few men could rival.

How some artists see with greater subtlety than others; how organic sympathies really govern instead of intellectual fallacies, is well illustrated in the following extract from the *Westminster Review*:

Suppose two men, equally gifted with the perceptive powers and technical skill necessary to the accurate representation of a village group, but the one to be gifted over and above these qualities with an emotional sensibility which leads him to sympathize intensely with the emotions playing amid that village group. Both will delight in

the forms of external nature, both will lovingly depict the scene and scenery; but the second will not be satisfied therewith; his sympathy will lead him to express something of the emotional life of the group; the mother in his picture will not only hold her child in a graceful attitude, she will look at it with a mother's tenderness; the lovers will be tender; the old people venerable. Without once departing from strict reality, he will have thrown a sentiment into his group which every spectator will recognize as poetry. Is he not more *real* than a Teniers, who, admirable in externals, had little or no sympathy with the internal life, which, however, is as real as the other? But observe, the sentiment must be real, truly expressed as a sentiment, and as the sentiment of the very people represented; the tenderness of *Hodge* must not be that of *Romeo*, otherwise we shall have such maudlin as "The Last Appeal." Let us have Teniers rather than Frank Stone; truth, however limited, rather than spurious idealism. The mind of the painter is expressed in his pictures. Snyders and Landseer are both great animal painters, both represent with marvelous accuracy the forms and attitudes of animals; but Landseer is a poet, where Snyders is merely brutal. Landseer paints his dogs, sheep, and stags with the utmost fidelity; he does not idealize them, except in that legitimate style of idealization which consists in presenting the highest form of reality: he makes his animals express their inner life; he throws a sentiment into his groups. Snyders does nothing but represent dogs tearing down wild boars, or animals in a state of demoniacal ferocity. Landseer makes us feel that dogs have their affections and their sorrows, their pride and their whims.

FOREST I.

It soothes our grief, that thou—the child who played
Where Tasso loved and Ariosto sung,
And, on the despot's scaffold, undismayed
Heard, o'er thy youth, San Marco's vespers rung;
Who, in the crypt of the Moravian rock,
Through bitter years of loneliness and pain,
Thy manhood kept unbroken from the shock
Captivity prolongs in heart and brain;
Who, exiled, made thy country's love and lore
So precious here, by patriot lips revealed,
And, loosed from Austria's gyves, upon our shore
Honored the faith thy martyrdom had sealed,—
Beneath thy native skies wert borne to rest,
Wrapt in the flag whose stars illumine the West!

H. T. Tuckerman, in *N. Y. Eve. Post*.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, with original memoir, illustrated. J. S. Redfield. New York, 1858.

This book contains the poetical works of one of the *Infanti Perduti* of genius, illustrated by English and American artists. Of the latter, Darley contributes three, Duggan one, and Cropsey four illustrations, all exquisitely engraved in England. Berket Foster furnishes several designs all marked with that fine taste which distinguishes his works, and which makes books illustrated by him so valuable. Pickersgill and Madot contribute several figure-subjects. As a specimen of typography, this beautiful book is unsurpassed. The initial letters are tastefully drawn and inserted, giving additional interest to its pictorial embellishments. No gift-book of the season is more desirable.